THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1597.

Choice Poetry.

THE LOVER TO HIS DEPARTING LOVED ONE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Then are leaving us all, love, and much may befall, love,
To wrap and to twine them from infancy's time.
Then with tiend thrice dearer, and one brighter flower,
And freshness and beauty will dazzle them ever.
There last promised thine heart, love, but now are we par, love,
Take back all the vows those last gave to me, love,
They were made in our joy, love, as girl and as boy, love,
When the moonlight was gilding the old hawthorn tree.

We have grown up together like green moss and heather
Or like buds were entwined are our footsteps were one;
But the dreams of our youth, love, too often, farewell, love,
Are painted in colors that will not endure.
And now does not giving when life will be glowing
With all the enchantment that lingers o'er
And a surer lifedom may shut from thy vision
Our fairy romance and the old hawthorn tree.

If there fashion another whose person can number
Our earliest word and our latest adieu;
Then he'll be better by knowing thy word dare be to-
kiving
As she is severe where there couldn't not be true.
I'd have thee forget, love, if aught of regret, love,
Should come with the thought that they will e not
free.
Oh! I'd have thee forget, love, that ever we met, love,
With promise and pledge 'neath the old hawthorn tree.

Think not I would pain thee if beauty for chain thee,
Think not thou art so dazzling to enslave me;
Should'st thou love me more dearly, oh! tell me sin-
cerely,
And my hopes and my claims I will sadly resign.
For my heart, while possessing its coveted blessing,
Would wish all it cherish could ever be true,
That thy young love had vanished, and feelings were
banished,
That shadows one moment thy well-cherished
name.
So I'll tell thee no more, love, but that I adore, love,
With passion so fervent as passion can be;
And that if thou'll come, love, unchanged to thy home, love,
We'll have orange bloom twined with the old haw-
thorn tree.

Original Novelet.

EOLINE; OR, MAGNOLIA VALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MADAME LOUISE DE MEMEL, AUTHOR OF "LINDA," "RENA," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

Horace Cleveland returned from Cuba's sea-bound shore, with the remains of his mother, whose last prayer was that she might be buried in her native soil. She had sought health in a foreign clime, and found death among its spicy breezes and tropic flowers. As her son was borne homeward over the tossing billows, with his silent and sorrowful companion, he communed in secret with his life's first, great sorrow. Ever reserved and undemonstrative, he was dreamed of the intensity of affection he bore his mother, till he was borne over her dying bed. He knew it not himself, for he had never sounded the depths of his own heart. In the pure intellectuality of his existence, he had settled down in fountains of feeling to lie for, far below the surface. Something neither Ocean, however it might float, and the Lily gleam. And even now, as he, with cold, solid brain, and high, thoughtful brow, by the side of the entombed dead, a stranger might have thought him cold and insensible. It is said there are seasons in running brooks, and in the way-side flower, but there is an eloquence in death, all voiceless as it is, that preaches as brook and flower never yet have preached. Strange as it may seem, life, in its fullest, broadest sense, was in this instance born of death. When the strong-est earthly tie he had yet known was broken, he felt the immortality of the affections, since they survived the ruins of mortality. Reason wondered, judgment grew weak, imagination dim; but love survived them all. Love clung to him as the last, short-anchor of her heart, while the waves and billows of death washed over her, and he thus learned the unquenchable nature of human love. Strange, too, behind the image of his dead mother, he always beheld the living Rolfaine. She came upon his memory, a Pleiadic, rising from the sea of sorrow and brightening its gloom. He remembered his visit to Magnolia Vale, and the alliance of friendship which had succeeded the cold reserve existing between them. When he caught the first glimpse of his Father's turreted villa, and immediately beyond it the twin-built mansion of Mr. Glenmore, his heart throbbed at the hope of soon meeting there the kindred Eoline.

Mr. Glenmore came to sympathize with his widowed friend. Horace acted after his daughter as if confident that she was restored to his protection.

"Name her not," exclaimed the father, with a darkening love. "She is nothing to me now and never can be. The dead are remembered, the forever closed, *forever*."

He was too proud to tell Horace of his slight-ed, severe suffering that he should think him the most vindictive and implacable of human beings, rather than he should know that his offer of reconciliation had been treated with disdain.

Horace, who had been reading law at the University of Gottingen, during his residence in Europe, was now desirous to enter on the active duties of his profession. He longed to know something of the battle of life, and as the keenness and strength of the weapons he had been wielding and tempering for the gladiatorial strife of court. Before seeking the arena he had selected, he resolved to visit Eoline, since he was permitted to be so near to her friend, and see if the eagle wings of her spirit had not yet drooped in their unaccustomed flight.

"Perhaps, when she learns that I am going to learn my home," thought he, "she may be induced to return, and the father cannot banish her a second time. Implacable as he seems to be, he still loves her, and I see well that this unnatural separation has added more than one sorrow to his lot."

"Father is gone away," said little Willie, when Horace called the day before his departure there to bid him farewell," "but I'm at home."

Willie had always been fond of Horace. Indeed he was one of those slender, fibrous plants, whose delicate, spreading roots cling to the surrounding soil with closeness and tenacity. Now his lost parents were ningvings about Horace, for, though he did not understand the family compact which had bound him to Eoline, he had heard his father talk, and Mrs. Hess and Gatty talk, and he knew a great deal more than they imagined the child thought of. From all he had gathered he had come to the conclusion that if Horace had loved Eoline as he ought, she would promptly agree to do, and he never have left him, stateless, to mourn.

"And for did you let sister Eo go away?" he asked, when Horace had taken a seat in a low, and stroked back his beautiful auburn hair.

"I could not keep her from going," replied Horace, with embarrassment. "I was not even sure what she went."

"Yes, but you could, though. I heard father say so. He said you didn't love her, and that was the reason she wouldn't stay. How could you help loving Ella? What's the reason you don't love her?"

Willie fixed his eyes steadily on the face of Horace, the coldness of which he knew not how to reply to the straight-forward and earnest child, but he said, evasively,

"It is that does not love her. That alters the case very much."

"But you don't answer my question," persisted the boy. "I'll ask it another way. You don't hate Ella, do you?"

"No, indeed. Heaven forbid. Surely you never heard anybody say that I did?"

"Yes—Bell Hefler," from whom, as Colonel Delcour of Glenmore had fled; the next, he was urged by an irresistible desire to see Eoline, and, instead of proceeding, before the grass was bounded, by the side of the handsome and modest Ella Lorn. He wanted to begin explanations, this significant lover, this new bird of spring, whose coming notes were said to have captivated the heart that perhaps would have been his, had he not chilled it with the frosts of pride.

He was tempted to throw away the flowers, and hasten to the cottage of Colonel Delcour, but the remembrance of Willie's pleading eyes and tearful messages glued them to his hand. He took off and cast aside his cloak, as he approached the Seminary and saw the evening sunset rose-light on the gilded vane, and kindle the hope of passing sanctified. It looked like the illuminated oasis, in the myriad windows, brilliantly lighted, and its lofty towers leaning against the starry sky. Just as he reached the door a sudden cloud of softly purple shadow fell, throwing downed the turn of mingling voices, and caused such a cold and premature feeling that Horace found himself borne along, with scarcely any effort of his own. Gaining a window-sill, he paused, and looked forward to its still, and drawing back as far as possible in the shadow, he gazed with a wild, eager look, unconscious and indifferent to might forever vale-ry, regardless of the curious eyes that were upon the sister he worshiped!

"I will tell her you say, and do all I can to persuade her to return for your sake," cried Clarence, rising hastily.

"Will you tell her you love her?" said Willie, laying his left cheek on the hand of Horace, and looking up with his clear, blue eyes.

"She would be angry if I did," replied he, turning away from the little inquisitor.

"No she wouldn't—but don't go yet," said Willie, following him. "Come into the garden and get some flowers for Ella. She loves flowers so dearly. Then they are her own flowers—and she'll thank you for them. She will think them sweet, I know."

He pulled Horace along with him into the garden, and began gathering the most beautiful and best. Horace became interested in the task. His mother loved flowers, and he had frequently brought the rich blossoms of the tropic home to her sick-room, and now it was for her it was the first time he had ever culled one for Eoline, though the betrothal of his childhood, and there was a change in the office which he might find, and the Lily gleam. And even now, as he, with cold, solid brain, and high, thoughtful brow, by the side of the entombed dead, a stranger might have thought him cold and insensible. It is said there are seasons in running brooks, and in the way-side flower, but there is an eloquence in death, all voiceless as it is, that preaches as brook and flower never yet have preached. Strange as it may seem, life, in its fullest, broadest sense, was in this instance born of death. When the strong-est earthly tie he had yet known was broken, he felt the immortality of the affections, since they survived the ruins of mortality. Reason wondered, judgment grew weak, imagination dim; but love survived them all. Love clung to him as the last, short-anchor of her heart, while the waves and billows of death washed over her, and he thus learned the unquenchable nature of human love. Strange, too, behind the image of his dead mother, he always beheld the living Rolfaine. She came upon his memory, a Pleiadic, rising from the sea of sorrow and brightening its gloom. He remembered his visit to Magnolia Vale, and the alliance of friendship which had succeeded the cold reserve existing between them. When he caught the first glimpse of his Father's turreted villa, and immediately beyond it the twin-built mansion of Mr. Glenmore, his heart throbbed at the hope of soon meeting there the kindred Eoline.

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"It is that does not love

But do *you* know how much of my secret heart has ever been filled with the desire of finding my mother? I did never hope to find her, but still, from my boyhood, the thought of seeing her has haunted me like the dream of an impossible good—and now she is found, but—"

Hugh's voice broke down, and he covered his face with his hands.

"Hope for the best, Hugh! You used to be hopeful! And, oh, Hugh! be sure that we feel your trouble as if it were our own! It *is* our own!" said Elsie, laying her hand gently upon him.

"My horse is ready! I only run in to say good-bye! good-bye, dear friends. Good-bye, Mrs. Garnet! pray that I may not be too late! Good-bye, Mrs. Hardcastle! give my love to the dear children when they ask for me to-morrow! Good-bye, Doctor Hardcastle, my best friend! I will write to you from Mount Calm!" said Hugh, shaking and squeezing hands right and left, and then preparing to hasten out.

"Ain't you going to take your great-coat?" asked the doctor, holding it up.

"Yes! yes! I had forgotten it! I haven't time to put it on! I can throw it upon the horse," exclaimed Hugh, hurriedly throwing the garment over his arm. "Once more, good-bye to all!"

"If I had a second horse, or had time to borrow one, I would go with you, Hugh!" said Doctor Hardcastle, attending him from the house. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

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OUR COURSE.

We have received a communication from one of our subscribers relative to the course we have pursued towards Kossuth and Armed-Intervention. We will answer it at length.

rican statesman to advocate Armed-Intervention in this case. We do not blame Kossuth for advocating it—it is natural for drowning men to catch at straws, and he has his heart so full of Hungary, that he is not to be expected to consider our true policy and interests. America is, however, our Hungary; and if our statesmen will be as true to their native land, as Kossuth is to his, we shall ask no more.

We say we are against Armed-Intervention in European affairs as the *general rule*—but to all rules exceptions are admitted. We never would interfere for the purpose of revolutionizing Europe. The people of Europe are numerous and powerful enough to revolutionize themselves, whenever they are ready and anxious to do so. And we do not believe in the wisdom of revolutionising Governments against the desire of the majority of their people. The events of the last four years have not been without their lesson to us. They have almost convinced us that Republican Governments—such in fact, as well as in name,—are not at present possible in any of the great nations of Europe save Hungary. And even in Hungary we doubt the possibility of the permanency of a Republic. The Magyar race might be able to live under and manage a Republic; but we have little faith in the Sclavonic tribes, who constitute a majority of the population—branches as they are of that great race which so patiently bears the despotism of the Czar—who have old grudges against their Magyar conquerors, who could outvote them, and whose literature, for many years past, has been full of an intense longing for a great union of all the Sclavonic tribes, for the purpose of domineering over Europe and the world. For these reasons, we by no means feel certain that the establishment of a Republic, based upon universal suffrage, in Hungary, would not end in its voluntary *annexation* to Sclavonic Russia.

We say, therefore, that the events of the last four years have taught us a lesson. They have created a just doubt as to whether the masses of Europe are yet wise enough to manage their own political affairs, and they have taught us that we know too little of the feelings and prejudices of those masses, to rashly interfere in their destiny. And, therefore, before we interfere in any case, we should like to be well assured that we are putting our own interests at peril with a reasonable hope of benefitting, and not injuring others.

Looking at the probabilities of things, we confess we see only one case at all likely to arise, in which we should advocate Armed-Intervention in European affairs—and that is, a joint onset by the despotisms of Europe upon the British isles, in order to crush the constitutional liberty, imperfect as it is in many particulars, which there exists. In such a case, we have said, and we repeat the assertion, that greatly as we dislike war, we should advocate Armed-Intervention, if necessary, for the preservation of the "old homestead" in which our language, our literature, and our constitutional freedom first saw the light of day. *Nationally*, Great Britain is our "mother-isle." While a very large number, it may be a majority, of the American people trace their ancestry to Ireland and to Continental Europe, still does it remain to be a truth that England is our mighty mother, politically and nationally. We say this, in whose veins not one drop, so far as we know, of Anglo-Saxon blood runs. We, who trace our origin to the Celtic Welsh on the one side, and to the Northmen of Denmark and Sweden on the other, frankly admit that, nationally and politically, England is the great source of our country's being. And, if this be so,—no matter what injuries we have as a people received from England in times that are now, we trust, forever past—the tie of nature still remains. A tie which no insults nor injuries can entirely snap asunder, and which would grow stronger and stronger, until it should strengthen into an adamantine chain, as England approached her hour of utmost need. Thus, the claims of constitutional liberty, the possibility of affording successful aid, and the ties of national sympathy and kindred, would, in our opinion, justify an exception being made, in such a case as we have supposed, to the general rule of Non-Intervention.

BISHOP DOANE.

Charges against Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, signed by Messrs. Halsted, Perkins, Coppuck and Gill, were some time ago presented to Bishops Meade, Burgess and McIlvaine—all of the Episcopal Church. The three Bishops

A NOVEL MARRIAGE.

A correspondent of "The Regenerator"—called by some the *Degenerator*—gives an account of a recent marriage between Mr. Samuel Sellers and Miss Sarah Abbott, at Skaneateles, N. Y. Mr. Sellers, after giving his views upon the subject in a brief speech, took the bride elect by the hand, and said:

"In the presence of all who are present, I take Sarah Abbott to be my wife, making no promises of continued affection, and invoking no aid thereto, but hoping, trusting, believing, that our characters are sufficiently well adapted to enable us to be to each other faithful and affectionate husband and wife during our lives."

Miss Abbott then said:

"In the presence of all who are present, I take Samuel Sellers to be my husband, making no promises, but hoping, trusting and believing that our characters are sufficiently well adapted to each other, to enable us to be faithful husband and wife while we live."

They then signed a paper containing their declarations of being husband and wife, and the company present signed a certificate as corroborative of the ceremony, and thus they became one—this being a perfectly valid marriage according to the laws of New York and Pennsylvania, and, probably, many other States of the Union.

The above ceremony mainly differs from that of the Society of Friends, in omitting the "promise to be, *with Divine assistance*, loving and faithful" unto death. The form of the Friends is simply this: The two parties stand up, in full meeting, or (among the Hicksites) at home, in the presence of their friends and a committee appointed by the meeting, and say:

"In the presence of the Lord and this assembly (or company), I take thee, A. B., to be my wife (or husband), promising, with Divine assistance, to be unto thee a loving and faithful husband (or wife,) until death shall separate us."

A certificate of marriage is then read, and the parties and their friends who are present, sign their names to it. We believe there is some variation allowed in the above form, but it is substantially as we have given it.

Those would [illegible], we think, who should imagine [illegible] the omission of the promise to love till death, [illegible] rather, the substitution of the positive assertion that no promise is made—in the marriage recorded above as occurring at Skaneateles, had its origin in any desire to lessen the sacredness of the marriage covenant. So far from this, if we are not much mistaken in the character of the parties in question belong, they are extremely conscientious, moral, and [illegible]ed. In truth, we are more inclined to consider it a case of morbid than of weak conscientiousness—the parties being so afraid of breaking promises, that they decline to make them. We have known perfectly solvent men refuse to give a business note, for fear that they might, in some very unexpected manner, be prevented from paying it at maturity. And we have known others, who would pay their notes long before they were due, from the same motive. These are cases, not of deficient, but of excessive conscientiousness; and we have some reason to believe that the *unpromising* marriage above recorded, had its origin in a similarly wrought condition of the moral nature.

THE MAINE LAW.

The adoption of this stringent law is strenuously advocated and opposed in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio. A very large meeting against the law was recently held in New York city, at which Ex-Mayor ... presided. Numerous petitions are being sent to the various Legislatures, both for and against the law, though those in favor ... greatly predominated. The struggle ... felt by a numerous class to ... ruinous effect it will probably have upon the business of many, by rendering ... ments in machinery, &c., of ... If the law is passed, we think ... right that appraisers should ... estimate the loss in such cases, ... reimbursement from the funds ... We think, however, a law of th... not be passed unless it is demanded by an overwhelming majority of the people ... Constitutionality of such a law ... argument against it, which does ... ly to various laws now in op... stance, the laws prohibiting lott...

IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.—The news from Europe this week is more important than usual. An insurrectionary spirit had been manifested in France, in the departments of the "Gard, Herault and Ardeche"—large masses of people assembled around the prisons where political offenders were immured, and would not disperse until fired upon by the troops. Then we have an account of menacing demonstrations by France and Austria towards Switzerland; and by France towards Belgium. Louis Napoleon's ambition seems to be looking at present towards an extension of his dominions Eastward, rather than towards Great Britain. Perhaps he wishes to consolidate his power a little, before undertaking such a dangerous enterprise as putting his foot on the sturdy neck of John Bull.

REPORTED REBELLION IN UTAH.—By the California news our readers will see that it is reported that the Mormons have at length boldly thrown off the mask, and declared their independence of the United States. If it prove a fact, it will be but another illustration of the truth of that ancient saying, that "whom the Gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

New Publications.

A WONDER-BOOK FOR GIRLS AND BOYS. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. With Engravings by BAKER, from Designs by BILLINGS. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

There is nothing of its kind in literature so charming as this little book. To re-model the classical myths, for the wonder and delight of children, was a happy fancy, worthy of Hawthorne, (who is, in the truest and sweetest sense of the word, a poet,) and most happily has the idea been wrought out. "The Gorgon's Head," with all the strange and funny adventures of Perseus, rich material, admirably used; "The Golden Touch," which old and young will read with equal delight, the boys and girls for its entertainment, their parents for its wisdom; "The Paradise of Children," or Pandora's Box, the old tragic story of the fall of man through woman's curiosity, lightly and playfully sketched off, as the misdemeanor of children in the infancy of the world; "The Three Golden Apples," with huge giant Atlas holding up the sky, and the ruse of Hercules to outwit him; "The Miraculous Pitcher," in which two good old people entertain angels unaware; and last and best of all, "The Chimera," with its won...

Foreign News.

ENGLAND.—In the House of Commons, Lord John Russell introduced his long promised measure of Parliamentary reform. Its leading features are a reduction of the county franchise from £50 to £20, and a reduction of the borough franchise from £10 to £5. In Ireland the county franchise remains unaltered, but in the boroughs it is reduced from £8 to £5. There is also a new class of voters created, of those who pay forty shillings per annum in direct taxes, and the property qualification for members is abolished. The oath of supremacy is also abolished, as being repugnant to the feelings of the Roman Catholics and dissenters, and also the force of the oath required to be taken by the Jews, and the substitution of a simple oath of allegiance to the throne. The bill also provides for the enlargement of sixty-seven small boroughs by draughting from the neighborhood, which promises an additional member to Birkenhead, and one to Birmingham, provided that Parliament should decide upon disfranchising the borough of St. Albans for bribery. All mention of the ballot, however, is studiously omitted.

Lord John Russell's speech upon the bill was immediately followed by a very animated discussion, in which several leading members of all parties took a prominent part. Some members censured the omission of the ballot. Mr. D'Israeli pressed Lord John Russell to give the House and the country a longer period for the consideration of the measure. He did not see that the bill would materially disturb the existing balance of parties, but he thought the present was not the proper time for its introduction. Leave was, however, given to bring in the bill.

On Tuesday, Sherman Crawford moved for leave to bring in a bill to establish a tenant right in Ireland.

Lord John Russell said that the Government had, at the previous session, introduced a measure on this subject; but it met such violent opposition from the agitators in Ireland, whose demands he stigmatised as utterly inconsistent with the rights of property, that he thought it would answer no good purpose to attempt to pass the measure.

The general principles of the proposed bill were ably supported by Messrs. Bright, Whitesides, and others; after which leave was given for its introduction.

Eighty Hungarian and French refugees sailed from London on Saturday, for New York.

The settlement of the differences between the engineers on a strike and their employers seems almost as remote as ever.

Mr. Griffin, a chemist in Houndsditch, has accidentally killed himself by the use of ether.—He was found dead in his bed in the morning, with a towel under his chin; it would seem that he had put ether on the towel, and had taken it into bed with him, intending to produce sleep by inhaling the vapor; he had pulled the ...

WIVES THE BEST JUDGES OF LIKENESSES.

BY HIRAM POWERS.

Below we give an interesting letter from the eminent sculptor, Hiram Powers, upon the subject of likenesses. We trust this will suffice to close the mouths of all second and third rate artists, who are apt to impugn the ability of husbands or wives to judge of likenesses, simply because they have not the power of satisfying their critical and accurate discrimination. Powers's letter is dated, Florence, 18, 1851, and addressed to the Rev. Samuel G. Olmstead:

MY DEAR SIR:—In your kind and very interesting letter from Tunis, you quote a question put, and answered *as a fact* by some Professor, (I forget who you told me he was,) namely, "Why is it that a wife is a poor judge of her husband's portrait?" and you ask me to give you in writing my reasons for declaring that *it is a fact* that a wife is almost always the *very best judge* of her husband's portrait. The reasons are as follows:

A wife *who loves her husband* sees instantly the slightest change of his expression. She knows, by his looks, if he is well or ill, good natured or angry. She perceives almost his very thoughts, and all this by the changes of his countenance. His manner, to be sure, assists his expression, whatever it may be, but the face for the most part reveals to her the action of his mind and the state of his bodily feelings. Now, if the wife can discern with such nicety by the changes from the habitual expression of her husband's features how he feels and thinks, surely she, of all others, ought to be the best judge of the *likeness* of those features. If the likeness is perfect, she sees him in it; if imperfect, she does not see him in it. She never saw him so; it is not familiar to her; is it not in the mirror of her soul, and her love rejects it as foreign and unknown. This is my argument, and my experience proves its truth.

I have made many likenesses of husbands, and wives, too, and I have always found them the *last* to be satisfied with each other's busts. Their criticisms have usually followed in the progress of my work *to the end*—while others have been satisfied long before. *Acquaintances and friends* have said, "You can do no more to it;—it is as like as it can be," &c. But husbands and wives have said, "No, it is not right yet:—it is not the right expression." They might not say where it was wrong, but they felt that something was not *familiar* to them.

A picture or a bust should, like a mirror, reflect the very image of its original; and if it does that, the husband or the wife is sure to be satisfied. If it does not others may be, but ...

☞ People who die pennyless, have this fact to console them—that their children always inherit their property. With rich people the case is different, the most of their effects going to the executors.

☞ At Buffalo, Lake Erie is a solid mass of ice, and it will take a pretty warm season to thaw out.

☞ National hatred is something peculiar. You will always find it strongest and most violent where there is the lowest degree of culture.—*Goethe.*

☞ The experiment of cultivating rice in France, appears to have succeeded perfectly.

☞ The London News, in a literary review, says—"At Philadelphia—*the Capital of a Slave State*, the author gets upon dangerous ground." And when this critic gets upon American topography, what kind of ground does he stand upon?

☞ A Mrs. Cooper, of Pomfret, Conn., who has hitherto sustained a good reputation, eloped last week with a "gentleman of color," taking her only child with her.

☞ Mrs. Harris says it is not as much trouble for a "nuss" to take care of sick people as some folks imagine. "The most of 'em don't want anything," she says, "and when they do they don't get it."

☞ Kossuth received $14,000 in Cincinnati, including $6,000 from the sale of Hungarian Bonds.

☞ Three of the Cuban prisoners recently arrived at Boston.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, Feb. 28, 1852.

REMARKS—Trade has been quite buoyant during the past week. The weather has been clear and pleasant, and supplies of Western and Southern produce have been coming forward more freely. The late foreign news has somewhat depressed the market for Breadstuffs, but otherwise it has had no effect. Cotton has been in steady demand, without change in prices. The receipts of Flour have been moderate, and prices have materially declined. Wheat is scarce and in demand, both for milling and exportation. Sugar and Molasses are in moderate request at full rates. Coffee is higher. Provisions of all descriptions are in fair request, and prices tend upward. There is little change to notice in the Money market. The rates for first class paper are 7½ to 9 per cent. per annum. Second class paper takes a wide range. The Dry Goods business has become more active, the Western mer...

SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Southworth's story of "The Children of the Isle," and Mrs. Lee Hentz's "Eoline; or, Magnolia Vale," we design commencing

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Viola will be a companion novelet to Mr. Bennett's very popular "Prairie Flower," though the interest will be separate and distinct.

Then will come the time for Mr. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After all these are gone through, we shall be mistaken if our readers are not again ready for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will come in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. We think the novelets mentioned a sufficiently rich bill of fare to commence proceedings upon.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the choicest articles that appear in the English periodicals, together with the Cream of New Works, Original Lectures, General News, &c., &c.,—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

And in view of our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, may we not expect a continuance of the good feeling and friendly interest heretofore shown in our behalf, and expressed not only by words, but in efforts to extend the circulation of the Post. Our terms are very moderate—as moderate in fact as a first class paper can be maintained upon.—We might, we grant, take our inside matter at second-hand, and half-price, from some daily paper; or procure our stories for nothing, from unknown, namby-pamby writers with sentimental names, instead of enlisting such writers as Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mr. Bennett, &c., &c.; but we are thankful we are not compelled to pursue such a suicidal course. Our plan is to pay liberally, and make a first class paper, knowing that the public fully understand that a poor paper is not worth the sheet it is printed upon, and is therefore dear at any price.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 23d, Mr. Seward presented a petition signed by 700 citizens of Pittsburg, in favor of the non-intervention doctrines of Kossuth.

Mr. Brodhead presented a resolution for the completion of the Breakwater, in the Delaware River.—Also petitions in favor of an Agricultural Bureau; also, a petition for an increase of duty upon iron; also, petitions in favor and against a renewal of the Woodworth patent for a planing machine; also, for a modi- [illegible]

[illegible]

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamships Prometheus and Crescent City have arrived at New York, bringing the mails, and $1,[illegible],000 in gold. The dates are to Feb. 1st.

John B. Weller has been elected United States Senator. The vote on the last ballot was seventy-one in favor of Weller. Maj. Reading received seventeen votes.

The Tennessee sailed from San Francisco on the 1st of February, with 320 passengers, and $1,000,000 in gold for Panama.

In the mines, much inconvenience and want has been experienced, by the failure of the water supplies. Digging has not been very brisk, and prospecting parties have made but few rich discoveries within the past month. The laborers have worked out the water, and are disposed to "lay by," waiting for more. Since Thursday the rains have returned, and copious showers have fallen in the interior. This will revive prospects in the mines.

Rebellion in Utah.—The Portland Oregonian publishes the following rumor of a revolution in Utah:

We learn by the mail-carrier from the Dalles, that news had reached that place from the Great Salt Lake, of a revolution. It is said the Mormons were arming and fortifying themselves, and had published a Declaration of Independence, in which they asserted their full determination to set up a Republic for themselves.

The editor of the Weekly Times, published at Portland, has conversed with a gentleman who had just arrived from Salt Lake. He says that affairs there present a threatening aspect. The people are nearly in a state of outlawry, and freely declare their hatred of the General Government. At the same time, they are preparing to resist all authority from without, by fortifying their settlement.

We shall await a confirmation or rejection of the news from the Utah country, with anxiety. If, as the account states, the Mormons have permitted their hatred for the United States Government to impel them to acts of open defiance and hostility, we fear that unfortunate consequences will ensue. The Government is bound to put down treason at the point of the [illegible]

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

Curious History of the Maine Law.—The bill passed the lower House of the Legislature with the confident expectation that it would be defeated in the Senate. The members of the Senate, not relishing the responsibility of killing the law, passed it for the Governor to veto. When it came to Governor Hubbard, he expressed his indignation at their folly in passing such a bill; and saying, "if they want the law, let them have it," he gave his official signature to it, and it became the world-known *Maine Law*. We "tell the story as it was told to us."

Uniform Guage.—A law was recently passed by the Legislature, requiring that all the railroads hereafter to be built in Pennsylvania, be of a uniform guage, and to correspond with the most of the roads belonging to this State.

A Short Bill.—The House of Representatives of Massachusetts, recently passed the following bill—"Aliens may take, hold, transmit or convey real estate."

Indiana.—At the Democratic State Convention resolutions were adopted endorsing the Compromise measures of the last Congress, and in favor of the doctrine of Intervention as explained by Mr. Cass.

The Whig State Convention passed resolutions, instructing the delegates from Indiana, in the National Whig Convention, to vote for General Scott and J. J. Crittenden.

Kentucky.—The Whig State Convention endorsed the Compromise measures, River and Harbor improvements, Non-Intervention in European affairs, Millard Fillmore, and J. J. Crittenden—recommending Mr. Fillmore for the next Presidency. They stated, however, that they would do their utmost for any nominee of the National Convention. A resolution of solicitude and compliment towards Mr. Clay was also adopted.

Gen. Scott.—The Whig members of the Legislature of Delaware have nominated Gen. Scott as the first choice of the Whigs of that State for the Presidency, and recommended that the Whig National Convention be held in Philadelphia on the 17th of June.

General Scott.—The New York Daily Times vouches for the correctness of the statement that General Scott was offered the Presidency of Mexico. The Times gives the following particulars:

[illegible]

☞ The Canals of this State, according to a resolution of the Canal Board, are to be opened on the 12th of March.

☞ The New York Mirror, alluding to Jenny Lind's marriage, says, "Leap year has commenced with a marked event."

☞ The Richmond Chronicle has the following notice of a dancing party:—"All in all it was the most ridiculous affair we ever saw; and our candid opinion of the performers is, that with a little more practice, the girls will be the meanest dancers, and their brother the poorest fidler we ever heard of."

☞ Dr. Gideon B. Smith, of Baltimore, states that the seventeen year locusts will appear this year in Connecticut, East of the river, and most probably in a portion of Massachusetts. They will also appear in Franklin, Bristol and Hampshire counties, Massachusetts, and especially about Fall River.

☞ The name of Dickens's new story, which was to appear on the first of the month, is "Bleak House."

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1, Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *John T. Dent, Dr. J. A. Wadsworth, Alex. R. Laws, James Rutherford, Dr. Lott Edwards, C. M. L. Wiseman, and H. J. Thomas.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for the States of Alabama and Tennessee, assisted by *C. F. Lewis, James O. Lewis, and Samuel D. Lewis.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent, assisted by *William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, Perrin Locke, Jas. Button, Geo. P. Button, D. E. Goodin, Wm. J. Carey, Isaac M. Bodine, and Walter D. Thompson.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (sixteen lines) one insertion, $2.00

" " " three months, $15.00

" " " six months, $25.00

" " " a year, $50.00

Double-column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

ALMANAC.

March, 1852.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
6 Saturday,	6 19	5 41	2 46	
7 Sunday,	6 17	5 43	3 33	
8 Monday,	6 16	5 44	4 20	
9 Tuesday,	6 15	5 45	5 13	D. H. M.
10 Wedn'day,	6 13	5 47	6 7	Full 6 12 10
11 Thursday,	6 12	5 48	7 2	Last 12 3 9
12 Friday,	6 11	5 49	7 56	New 20 1 23
13 Saturday,	6 9	5 51	8 51	First 28 1 30

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Feb. 22	33	38	40
23	40	45	47
24	37	47	50
25	45	55	55
26	38	37	40
27	34	38	41
28	32	24	35

Marriages.

In Lexington, on Thursday, 29th Jan. by the Rev. L. D. Hinton, George Wright, of Frankfort, to Miss M. J. Wood, of Lexington.

At Rev. residence, in Randolph county, N. C. on the Thursday, 12th of Feb. by the Rev. Isaac Coe, Mr. S. Redding, to Miss Lucina Aldred.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Ignatius T. Cooper, Mr. John H. Amos, to Miss Emma Burns, all of Philadelphia.

In Milton, Del. on the 12th ult. by the Rev. John L. McKim, Robert H. Williams, of this city, to Miss Hannah E. Parker, of the former place.

On Christmas morning, at the American Consulate, Rio Janeiro, by the Rev. C. S. Stewart, of the U. S. Navy, George Rudge, Jr. of the house of Maxwell, Wright & Co. of that city, to Charlotte, daughter of the Hon. Edward Kent, American Consul.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Darbarrow, Mr. John McIntyre, to Miss Hannah McIntyre, all of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Chas. R. Demme, Mr. Joseph Wehrle, to Miss Emilie Fairbanf, both of this city.

[illegible]

Local News.

[illegible]

Clippings.

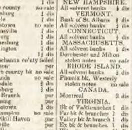
[illegible]

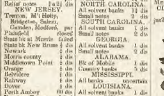
Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]





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CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$5 00 TO $16
VESTS,	2 00 " 4
PANTALOONS,	3 50 " 6

WE STUDY TO PLEASE.

jan14-1y

BOOKS OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

THE PRACTICAL METAL WORKERS ASSISTANT for Tin-Plate Workers, Braziers, Coppersmiths, Zinc-Plate Ornamenters and Workers, Wire Workers, Iron Masters, Electrotypers, and all other workers in Metals and Alloys. By Oliver Byrne. Illustrated by 500 engravings, 8vo. cloth, 4.00

The Manufacture of Iron and Steel. By F. Overman. 150 engravings, 8vo. cloth, 5.00

The Practical Model Calculator for Engineers and Mechanics. By Oliver Byrne, 8vo. cloth, 3.50

A Complete Treatise on Tanning, Currying, and every branch of Leather Dressing. By Campbell Morfit. Illustrated, 8vo. cloth, (nearly ready,) 5.00

Norris's Hand Book for Locomotive Engineers and Machinists, 12mo. cloth, (nearly ready,) 1.50

The Practical Cotton Spinner and Manufacturer. By Scott and Byrne. Illustrated by large plates, 8vo. cloth, 3.50

American Miller and Millwrights Assistant. By W. C. Hughes, 12mo. cloth, 1.00

Turner's Companion, 12mo. cloth, 75

Painter, Gilder, and Varnisher's Companion, 12mo. cloth, 75

Dyer and Colormaker's Companion, 12mo. cloth, 75

Builder's Companion, 12mo. cloth, 1.00

Cabinet Maker's Companion, 12mo. cloth, 75

Assayer's Guide. By O. M. Lieber, 12mo. cloth, 75

Paper Hanger's Companion, 12mo. cloth, 75

Treatise on a Box of Instruments, 12mo. cloth, 1.00

Propellers and Steam Navigation, 12mo. cloth, 75

Fruit, Flower and Kitchen Garden. By Patrick Neill. Illustrated, 12mo. cloth, 1.25

Encyclopedia of Chemistry. By Booth and Morfit, 8vo. cloth, 5.00

Steam for the Million, 8vo. cloth, 37

South's Household Surgery, or Hints on Emergencies, 12mo. cloth, 1.25

Elwood's Grain Tables, 12mo. cloth, 1.00

Gregory's Mathematics for Practical Men, 8vo. cloth, 1.50

Miss Leslie's Complete Cookery, 42d edition, sheep, 1.00

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JONATHAN PALMER, JR., & SON, CONVEYANCERS, AND HENRY PALMER, COMMISSIONER FOR NEW YORK, have REMOVED their Office to No. 74 WALNUT St., Philadelphia, below FOURTH St., South side, and offer the following Ground Rents for sale:

One of	$4,000,	Six of	$1,000 each.
do	3,200,	One of	900
do	2,200,	Eight of	700 each.
Seven of	1,800 each,	Four of	400 each.

Money Wanted on Mortgage

One sum of	$20,000	One sum of	$4,000
do	14,000	"	2,800
do	8,000	Four "	1,500
do	6,000	Six "	1,000
do	5,000	Six "	500

feb28-3m

THE PHILADELPHIA FAMILY MOURNING STORE

BESSON & SON,

NO. 62 SOUTH SECOND ST.

HAVE AT ALL SEASONS A FULL ASSORTMENT OF BLACK & MOURNING GOODS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

feb21-3m

TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

AMERICAN GIFT BOOKS,

[illegible]

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

[illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

PLOUGH DEEP!

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

Ho! Yeoman! turning up the sod!
Thrust with your might the sharpened blade!
Turn up, turn up the tender sod,
And find the treasures underfoot!
Not on the surface lie the hoards—
Nor where the shimming liber plays;
Bring to the light the seeds of wealth,
The riches hid in rotted days.

Plough deep! Plough deep!
Give to thy sinewy arm the will—
Give to thy toiling hand the might—
Wealth beyond mine shall come to fill
The hands of him who toils aright.
Turn up, turn up the tender soil,
Turn to the light, and air, and sky
A large reward upon its toil
Who delveth deep where resources lie!

Ho! Delver in the bowels field
Where truth lies waiting to be won!
Not priceless treasures will she yield,
While yet the rain is not begun.
Turn up, turn up, with skilful hand,
The deeper soil that hides the gold,
And riches will be glittering sand
Thy longing eyes shall soon behold.

Plough deep! Plough deep!

Ho! Builder with the old-time sweep!
Ho! Laborer for the rights of Man!
Cheer your bold hearts with bolder hope,
And toil for Freedom while you can.
Turn up, turn up, beneath the walls,
Foundations laying broad and deep,
Till down with entire precision lines
In dust and ruin long to sleep.

Plough deep! Plough deep!

Ho! Worker in the world's domain!
Ho! Toiler in our mighty age!
Delve deep for the open plain,
In whose great strife there can be engage
None, save you and the mighty sea
Which is to win the riper crown.
Why shall a Freeman's own cause give birth
To glories and immortal deeds?

Plough deep! Plough deep!

Plough, Lever and Anvil.

Selected Articles.

A BRAVE RESISTANCE.

"There is little danger after all, to be appreciated from sullen fierce if a man's nerves and resolution do not desert him," said the officer who the attempt is generally made to take the dead of night; a mother party are never sufficiently organized to combine their efforts jointly, and, if not within, if prepared and resolutely supplied with ammunition, are, in my opinion, a fair match for a dozen outside the doors.

"Calm and steady courage does wonders one battle, and when surprised and unprepared a cool man will rarely be left without some means of defence. Young Scotch lairds in a true sea 'a dog (ready) hand never wanted weapon.'

"There was never a better illustration of that truth, than the heroic resistance offered by an aged gentleman in the South of Ireland, to a band of ruffians under the most discouraging circumstances.

"Several years ago, when the South of Ireland was, as it has ever been within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, in a disturbed state, the gentleman aforesaid in years lived in a retired country house. He was a bachelor, and with, after treating to his supposed popularity, or intending that the general kindness among the tenantry was groundless, he continued on his lonely mansion long after his neighbors had quitted their for a safer country to live. He had been for disposed for several days, and on the night he was attacked, he had taken supper in his bedroom, which was on the ground floor, and inside a portion, after which he communicated, as his servants went to bed; the house was shut up for the night, and the supper tray, with its appurtenances, by the hall, preparatory, as usual, to be gotten in the old man's chamber.

"Some time after he had retired to bed, he was alarmed at hearing a window lifted in the outer apartment; his chamber door was also, another moment, violently forced open, and a number, variously clothed, entered in the highest fury. Presenting a fine target through the window, and these others followed him in quick succession. The old gentleman sprang out of his bed, but unfortunately there were no arms in the apartment; confronting the intruders, as they vants went to bed; the house was shut up for the night, and the supper tray, with its appurtenances, by the hall, preparatory, as usual, to be gotten in the old man's chamber.

"Some time after he had retired to bed, he was alarmed at hearing a window lifted in the outer apartment; his chamber door was also, another moment, violently forced open, and a number, variously clothed, entered in the highest fury. Presenting a fine target through the window, and these others followed him in quick succession. The old gentleman sprang out of his bed, but unfortunately there were no arms in the apartment; confronting the intruders, as they vants went to bed; the house was shut up for the night, and the supper tray, with its appurtenances, by the hall, preparatory, as usual, to be gotten in the old man's chamber.

"A momentary hesitation took place among the party, who seemed undecided as to what part they should enter the dark room, for, acquainted with the figures of the house by night, as well where the deceived victim slept. At last one of the villains cautiously approached, and, for a moment in the door-way, hesitated, advanced a step—as a whisper was heard, a breathless snigged scream, and the next apartment before him was dark as the grave it self. 'Is he dead yet?' What the devil are you afeard of?' said the rough voice of an associate behind; he took a second step, and the old man's knife was buried in his heart! No second thrust was requisite, for with a deep groan the robber sank into the floor.

"The obscurity of the chamber, the sudden destruction wrought by that deadly thrust, prevented the ruffians in the outer room from knowing the fate of their companion. A second presented himself, crossed the threshold, and he, laid against his dead associate, and received the old man's knife in his bosom. The wound was not so fatal as the other, and the ruffian had strength to ejaculate that he was dead man!

"Instantly several shots was fired, but the old gentleman's position sheltered him from the bullets. A third assassin advanced, levelled a long dwling-piece through the door-way, and instantly rested the barrel against the old man's body. The direction, however, was a slanting one, and with admirable self-possession, he suddenly and steadily moved the murderer down the trigger, and the ball passed him without injury, and he fell dash from the gun unfortunately dissolved the place of his death. Then commenced a desperate struggle—the robber, a powerful and athletic ruffian, closed and seized his victim around the body—there was no room to use between the combatants with regard to strength, and although the old man struck the ruffian violently with his knife, the blows were ineffectual, and he was thrown heavily on the floor with the murderer above him. Even then, at that moment, his presence of mind saved him from gentleman. He found that the blade of his knife had turned, and he contrived to straighten it upon the floor. The ruffian's hands were already upon his throat—the pressure became suffocating—for moments more still on the next terse have ended! but an accidental movement of his body exposed the murderer's side—the old man struck with his remaining strength a deadly blow—the robber's grasp relaxed—and with a yell of mortal agony, he fell dead across his exhausted antagonist!

"Horror struck by the death shriek of their comrades, the assembled wasted courage to see that gloomy chamber which had been already fatal to so many. They paused on the inner valley in, and leaping through the open window, ran off, leaving their lifeless companions behind.

"Lights and assistance came presently—the chamber was full of gore, and the old man lay nearly in a sin of insensibility, was conveyed to his bed, and with his remaining strength, his less bodies of his intended murderers. He recovered, however, to enjoy for years his well-acquired reputation as a conscious hero in the Irish Viceroy the honor of Knighthood, which never was conferred upon a braver man."

NAPOLEON FACT.—Nine Milford, in her last book of literary reminiscences, gives this anecdote "now to the English public," and not altogether inaccurately, we may add, to the American, not having fallen in our field of observation, of the house of the poet. Southey, "Coleridge and my fellow's residence at Cambridge," says she "a picturesque old wooden house, has belonging to it the peculiar historical associations of which the American can boast; it was the head-quarters of the Corporal, from night the gossiping, to look out of his windows, and saw by the vague starlight, a figure sitting slowly past the open gate. The face could not be distinguished; but the tall, soun person, the cocked hat, the traditional costume, the ethico-described white horse, all were present. Slowly he paced before the house, and then returned, and then again passed by, after which neither horse nor rider was seen or heard of. Could it really be Washington? or was it some facile-manipulator assuming his honored form? For my part I hold fastly to the ghostly side of the story, as did my informant, also a poet and an American, and so worthy to behold the spectre of Washington as Professor Longfellow himself.—*New York Literary World.*

A WORD TO A YOUNG WOMAN.

The following is an abstract from the N. Y. Tribune of a recent lecture by Horace Mann—being a companion piece to his "Word to a Young Man:"

We have room only to notice some of the chief points of his remarks. After a brief view of the condition of Woman, he said he was not one who would flatter her, he would summon her at once to the highest duties and responsibilities. He said that in this day, a new theory of equality of the sexes—or Women's Rights—had spread abroad. The leader of this sect in Europe is Doctor Marie Pierre, of Philadelphia, who dresses and believes like a man, and claims an equality with the strongest sex. He denied that the laws of God have forbidden this commingling. To ethics or modify the great distinguishing features, but the people, so long as he would be to defy the Maker Himself. The human soul and the human privileges were common, male and female, as much so as their bodies were. The honorable gentleman went on to speak with characteristic eloquence of the various studies and disciplinations which exist between the sexes. As a general law, Man is superior in strength and reason; but Woman is superior in beauty, and in those graces which, if possible was pursued with many eloquent and quaint illustrations.

As a question of Woman's moral power he cited the labors of the philanthropic Miss Dix, who has been more Legislature than all the policies did kingdoms. The lecturer next drew a vivid picture of the affections of woman as a mother, marking the moral qualities which go to ennoble. Woman has her fear of animal passions, and more of religious principle and of faith than man. The capacities of Woman for victim unsurpassed for the accomplishment of the same. Do not all these facts, said he, prove that there is no equality between the sexes? Is true and beautiful that the weak and open might as well quarrel about equality as man and woman. Equality is impossible. But the sexes are equal—they are unequal alike, and almost the only point—and that what love is the highest—in which Woman far excels Man. Shall not the love of the one righteous man or Sodom, could only be preserved by being like? Shall not being the test?

Where are the Grecian Women of renown? Where are the Roman matrons? Where are the Spartan mothers, but one Sappho for song—and those of a moral character, but one Cornelia for mention? Is there then not one worthily notable Woman for each hundred years of the history of the world? Woman has endured, as to some degree as exercise for any nobilities or virtues. Where are the Christian Women of the Dark Ages. It was a wonder that in such ages of virtue was not more common, and the female race during the long night of oppression, when she was indeed the serf of man, that any principle age passed away; Protestantism arose and still liberty rose in strength, and Man and Woman began to understand better and appreciate statism. He referred at considerable length to the long continued oppression which Woman has endured, as to some degree as exercise for any nobilities or virtues.

Mrs. M. Chan proceeded to speak of the condition of Women who labor for their bread. Of these, a large number are victims of the degrading pursuits of Women in out-door work in Europe. In this country, there is more humanity, prosperity, and even her earnings, was alluded to; and then the speaker—the starvation prices which result in the moral and physical destruction of thousands. The fearful temptation of female education was next discussed, and the speaker expressed the opinion that